Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1901. VOL. LXVI. NO. 24.

Talks About Womankind

Concerning Petticoats.

Tall women who wish to lessen their height should choose petticoats flounced with a darker color than their dresses—or, if that cannot be arranged, then the same tone of color as the dress should be chosen, or a contrasting color, but one that is not lighter in tone. A short woman, on the contrary, should always contrive to have her skirt end with a light color, as that catches the eye and gives an appearance of height.

A Woman Saddler.

It is probable that the only woman saddler in America is a German woman in Florida. Her husband was a saddler and harness maker, with a shop beside the little house in which they lived. He never "made money," but the two lived frugally and contentedly until his death.

Then there was trouble. The widow owned the small place, but had no money to live upon, and the sum to be procured by selling the shop would not count for much. So she determined to continue her husband's business on her own account, retaining his apprentice. In course of time she mastered the trade and built up a flourishing business, long ago acquiring a much larger bank account than her husband had ever dreamed of accumulating.

Teach Your Child to Love Nature.

If nature be the teacher, we need never fear that our children have become pupils too soon, because hers is not a cramming method. Every little mind brought in contact with her is filled unnecessarily with knowledge. It is true, yet as freely as the air is drawn into the lungs and fills them, giving with each respiration new vigor and life, even so does Dame Nature impart her instruction to the mind. Often she may require a preceptor. Let us not fail to be that preceptor, and show our children how her book always lies open before them, waiting to be read, filled from cover to cover with every living, growing thing about, and that nothing is too insignificant to find a place among the pages. If they become well acquainted with her they will love her, and will have gained besides a knowledge which will never be forgotten, nor relegated to the attics of the brain on account of disuse. In view of this would it not be wise to let our children give up the first seven or eight years of their lives to the tutelage of nature alone?—Gertrude Okie Gaskell, in the Woman's Home Companion.

New Taffeta Silks.

Flowered taffeta silks are in much more subdued colorings than last year, but are more artistic. They are used for evening as well as for reception gowns, and oddly enough are combined with plain silk. An exceedingly smart gown that is a favorite model of the season is of a light tan silk with bunches of pink roses. The skirt itself is strapped with bands of plain tan silk finished with black taffeta and hem-stitching in heavy black silk. The waist is of the silk, in a blouse shape, trimmed to match the skirt with the bands of pure silk, and showing in front a yellow lace over which are straps of black velvet fastened with rhinestone buckles. The belt is a narrow pointed one of black taffeta and the collar a black taffeta stock. A most original design has here been carried out, and the touch of black against the light tan and pink is marvellously effective. There is in the black, blue, prune, green and white an endless variety of design and coloring. The blue is a bright China blue and is the smartest, the prune more fashionable than the blue, and the green deliciously cool-looking, but red is newest of all.—Harper's Bazar.

Victoria's Great Strength.

A writer in the Century tells how Queen Victoria unconsciously overtaxed the strength of her attendants:

"The Queen, in many ways so domestic and simple, was always a great stickler for etiquette and precedent, and certain forms of deference were insisted upon in her presence. This must have tried her ladies in more ways than one; for, possessing great physical strength herself, she saw no reason why they should not stand in her presence; and they were expected to take long walks, in all weathers, with their royal mistress. In later years the Queen's outings in her private grounds were taken in a Bath chair drawn briskly by a favorite donkey; and a lady who had walked by Her Majesty's side on various occasions, and who was unable to keep up the conversation from lack of breath, told me that the Queen had appeared surprised at the occurrence. She was evidently unaware of the hardships that these things were to more delicate women, for, when she understood, nobody could have been more considerate, kind and sympathetic.

"As an instance of her thoughtfulness a foreign guest of hers, who told me about it, was much surprised at Windsor, one Friday, at finding a whole maigre dinner specially prepared for her. The service was so quietly and beautifully arranged that the many courses of the two dinners went on simultaneously, without anybody's noticing anything unusual but the one to whom the dishes were presented."

Boudoir Chat:

The Queen of Portugal, it is said, makes and trims all her own hats and bonnets.

General Funston's mother was baking a pumpkin pie when she heard of her son's great exploit.

Mrs. Besant now wears Hindu dress, and has proclaimed the belief that she was a Hindu in a former stage of her existence.

Miss Marion Ross, aged twenty-seven, a graduate of Glasgow University, has been appointed junior surgeon of the Macclesfield infirmary.

The Queen Regent Christina of Spain will keep in office until her son is sixteen years of age, when he will attain his majority, according to the Spanish custom.

Sara Bernhardt's latest gown is said to have cost $7000. It is decorated with diamonds and turquoises, and the skins of 200 ermine were required to line the train.

The supervisor of physical training in the public schools of Washington, D. C., Miss Rebecca Stoneroad, has held that office for twelve years. She has nine assistants, trained by herself.

A law has just been passed in Vermont which enables women to hold three new public offices. These are town treasurer, town librarian and notary public. For five years women have been eligible to the office of town clerk.

The office of coroner is a new and it would seem not altogether a pleasing one for women. Miss Lillian E. Hall, of Winfield, Kan., however, has no fear of its gruesome duties, and has accepted the office of coroner of Cowley County conferred upon her lately by Governor Stanley, of Kansas.

Mrs. Langtry's English house in Chelsea is described as "a dream of beauty." The flooring of the drawing-room has been taken up and replaced by white marble, and everything is done on the same splendid scale. The furniture and decorations are said to have cost more than $10,000.

The Woman's Column, a suffrage leaflet, says that it is claimed that woman suffrage is not making headway in England, and it furnishes a few suggestive facts to the contrary. The first petition for woman suffrage presented to Parliament in 1867 was signed by only 1499 women. The petition of 1873 was signed by 11,000 women. The last petition presented to the members was signed by 257,000 women.

Fads and Fancies

Pretty stocks to wear with dainty lawn waists are made of finely tucked white batiste with narrow corded hemstitched edges.

The small editions of the baroque pearls have found their way into the convenient little stick pins, sold frequently in sets of six.

Linen tints are to be popular during the summer. Besides in linen itself, this shade is seen in wash goods, Shan-Tung silks and other fabrics.

Small bishop sleeves, plain 'n style or laid in horizontal or vertical tucks, are more generally used with the spring and summer shirt waists than sleeves of any other description.

The popular taffeta Eton jacket, although often tucked all over, is also seen hemstitched, or even plain. Some have small vests, plain or embroidered, and some are trimmed with lace.

Large rings are set even into shoes, low shoes as well as boots, which are laced with ribbon an inch or more wide. The rings are three times as large as the ordinary hole for the ordinary lacing.

A fob chain is now considered the correct thing for a woman to wear attached to her watch. It is small and dainty, and to be strictly proper should have on the end either a bunch of seals or a single rare gold coin.

A charming white boa is of white roses and white lilacs, with chiffon. There are long ends of the chiffon held in at intervals with shirring. Small black rosettes and ends of black velvet ribbon give character to the boa.

Collars and revers of lace are sold to a great extent. They form a very pretty finish to a silk waist, and may be picked up just now at a low figure. White lace, Venise or Renaissance, is used, but Arabe or black with threads of gold makes very effective decoration.

Pongee will be one of the leading fabrics this summer. Models of this old-fashioned and useful material are elaborately trimmed with guipure lace of the same tone, and made with the circular flounce skirt, and bolero bodice over a blouse of fine white tucked lawn divided in groups with a narrow fine cream lace insertion.

THE TRAVELLED MISS TREE.

BY HENRY DICK.

Most little girls are fond of stories, and Annie MacFarlane was no exception to the rule; but then, she was the fortunate possessor of a grandmother who could tell the most charming stories in the world. Of these Annie's favorite was a really, truly, live story that had happened to grandmother herself when she was a little girl. Annie called it the "Lydia Tree Story," and twice a year, for a few days at Christmas and a for a good long time in summer, when she went to visit her grandmother, they began at once with poor Lydia.

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother?" Annie would call from the carriage door.

And grandmother always shook her head and smiled, it seemed a little sadly, as she said: "Nothing yet, my dear."

This was the story:

When grandmother was a little bit of a girl she did not have as many playthings as little girls have now, and the few she had were so plain and home-made that the children of to-day would consider them very poor affairs indeed; but to grandmother they were simply beautiful. never having dreamed of anything any finer than her simple toys, it never occurred to her that they could be thought ugly or ridiculous.

Grandmother lived on a large fram not far from the city of Boston. As she was the only little girl in the family, she was greatly petted by every one. In the long winter evenings, when there was little to do, some of the farm hands who were clever with their pen-knives used to employ their skill in whittling out toys for grandmother.

Sometimes they were rough block houses that came apart, which you fited together puzle fashion. Sometimes they were curious trick boxes made of countless small pieces of wood, which only those who were admitted to the secret could open. Sometimes they were wooden chains made of small links which had been cut from a long strip of wood, which grandmother thought made beautiful necklaces. Poor grandmother! You see this was long ago and she didn't know any better.

But the toy of toys which had simply filled her little heart with rapture was—what do you suppose?—a white-birch doll. Can you fancy such a thing?

Its head was made of a knot of white birch wood upon which eyes, nose and mouth had been painted with yellow paint. It had a little blue calico sunbonnet, from under which hung two long yellow braids made of braided silk. It had a blue calico dress like the sunbonnet. Its sleeves were stuffed with rags for arms, and it had two little pieces of wood for hands. Legs it had none; but then its dress was very long, and grandmother never missed them.

It must be that little girls who are intended to grow up into good grandmothers have grandmothers' hearts from the first. When this beautiful doll was given to grandmother, she took it without a word, and simply sank down on the floor and hugged it to her small breast with a rapture which made her speechless.

"Haven't you a word of thanks to give John, my dear?" said grandmother's father. He wished his little daughter to grow up well-mannered and not to be ungrateful. Grandmother simply could not speak; but she looked at John with such beaming eyes that he understood.

"That's all right, little 'un," he said, as he gave her brown hand a pat. John must have had a grandmother's heart.

Grandmother does not remember how the doll came to be called Lydia Tree; but Lydia Tree she was from the first. Never—until the terrible day which we are coming to—was grandmother separated from Lydia Tree day or night. From that day she forgot to be lonely or to feel sorry that there were no little girls with whom she could play. Lydia Tree filled all the empty places in her heart.

What secrets they shared! What plans they made! And they played together so happily! Lydia Tree was always thinking of new games—that is, grandmother pretended that it was Ldyia Tree who thought of them.

One day in the early summer it happened that there was a great deal of work to be done for some reason or other, so grandmother was told to take Lydia Tree and go out and play in the front yard, where they wouldn't be "under people's feet."

So they went out and sat beside the horse-block, as it was called, for it was the place where the wagons always stopped and where people mounted their horses. The horse-block was the stump of an old tree with a smoothly planed top, which made the most beautiful place in the world to play store.

It was Lydia Tree's turn to be store-keeper that day. She was standing propped up against the side of the block, trying to persuade grandmother to buy some very expensive kind of calico, which grandmother was not sure she could afford. They were discussing the important matter of whether it would wash or not, when grandmother heard the clatter of horse's hoofs coming up the road. Both she and Lydia Tree forgot the excitement of driving a bargain in their interest in seeing who was coming at that hour of the morning.

It seemed to grandmother afterwards that at first the rider intended to to keep on without stopping; but just as he came opposite the horse-block, his eye lighted on the little girl with Lydia Tree hugged tightly under arm. He aparently changed his mind and reined in his horse.

Grandmother was never able to give much of a description of the man. She always had a vague idea that he was much browned by the sun, that his blue clothes were of a queer cut, and that he spoke in some way differently from people she knew.

But he smiled down upon her very pleasantly as he asked, "Who lives here, little girl?"

"My father," said grandmother, promptly.

And then, as she was really a very polite little girl and wished to behave properly, she introduced herself, "An' I'm his little girl, an' this is Lydia Tree."

At the sight of Lydia Tree's interesting countenance held up for his inspection, the stranger seemed much affected. Probably he had never seen anything quite so beautiful. Grandmother was very much pleased; so when he asked her if she could get him a drink of water, as he was very warm and thirsty, and politely offered to hold Lydia Tree while she went to fetch it, she consented at once. It would be a pleasant and novel experience for Lydia Tree to be on horseback. She was not the mother to deny her child any reasonable pleasure or advantage. Lydia Tree was handed up to the stranger, and grandmother departed for the water.

It took her some minutes, for the drinking gourd was rather large for her small hands, and she had to walk very slowly to avoid spilling the water. When she reached the horse block she saw Lydia Tree's head sticking out from the top of the stranger's jacket. She looked very much distressed, grandmother thought, buttoned up in that way, with her arms inside. Grandmother felt half inclined to cry. She was just about to request Lydia Tree's return, when the stranger finished his long draught.

"I think I'll take Lydia Tree now, please," said grandmother, holding up her short arm.

The man cast his rapid glance over the yard. There was no one in sight.

He gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip. It seemed to grandmother afterward that in that one jump they were down the road, leaving nothing behind them but a cloud of dust.

It was several moments before her poor little brain was pierced with the terrible idea that Lydia Tree had also gone. For a moment she was simply paralyzed with anguish. Then, with a cry which brought her mother running from the house, she threw herself on the ground in a tempest of tears.

It was some time before any one could make out what had happened. Poor grandmother could only wring her hands and sob: "Lydia Tree! O, Lydia Tree!" When, finally, she had become sufficiently coherent to give them some idea of the tragedy that had befallen her horses were sadd[illegible] and several of the farm hands started in pursuit. Grandmother was a great favorite and everybody burned with indignation to think that a grown man should meanly rob a little girl of her treasure.

The man had too long a start. Never again had grandmother set eyes on him or Lydia Tree, although it was many years before she gave over expecting them both. She could not believe that he did not intend to come back. Her heart was sore at the thought of Lydia Tree compelled to live among strangers. They all decided that the man was probably a sailor who had stolen this odd-looking baby doll, perhaps to take to a little child of his own.

Grandmother's father tried to comfort her by promising that John should make another Lydia Tree for her. John somehow understood little girls as few grown-up people do. So he made her a playhouse instead, for which grandmother was secretly very grateful, although she did not think it right to say she didn't want another doll, as her father had suggested it. She and John became greater friends than ever. He certainly did have a grandfather's heart.

This story of Lydia Tree was Annie's favorite story. She never tired of hearing it. It was her secret conviction that Lydia Tree would return some day, although grandmother had given up expecting her. She never dreamed that she was to have any part in it.

When Annie was 10 years old, her father had some business that obliged him to go away over to Holland, to the city of Amsterdam.. As he might have to be there for many months, Annie and her mother went with him. It was certainly a great experience for a little girl, and to say that Annie enjoyed all the wonderful things she saw on that journey and the quaint life in that curious old world city would not express it. It is only with the part of her journey that has to do with Lydia Tree that this story is concerned.

When Annie and her mother had been living in Amsterdam about a month there was a great fair held there for the benefit of some charity. Annie's father had been told that one of the chief exhibits was a collection of all sorts of curious toys, which the children from all parts of the world are accustomed to play with. So Annie and her mother went one afternoon.

It would take too long to tell of all the curious things that made up that wonderful collection—of the tops from Iceland, kites from Japan, stilts from the Marquesas islands, and what Annie called "Noah's Arks," from Africa.

Of course what interested her most was the collection of dolls. Annie thought most of them frightful, and felt a great deal of pity for the unfortunate children who had nothing better to play with.

There was a very kind man there who explained a great many things to Annie and her mother in faultless English. He showed them the most primitive form of doll from Mashonaland, Africa. Simply a small lump of wood, polished and blackened with age, with a few scratches on top to represent features. The dolls of the Kaffir tribes were a little better; they at least could boast of arms and legs. Then there were dolls from West Africa, made of hard brown wood highly polished. The strangest thing about these dolls was that their bodies were made bell shaped. Within the bell hung a bunch of clappers made of reeds, which were supposed to represent the voice of the doll.

"I do not think that the little girl finds these strange dolls very beautiful," said their guide laughing. "In one moment I will show you some that you will admire more, for they have come from the city of Paris. But first I will show you a quaint doll from your own America. She is not very beautiful, either."

As they walked on, Annie's mother stopped a moment to examine some object that had attracted her eye. She was startled by a cry of "Mother, mother, mother! Oh, do come here!"

She found Annie dancing up and down in excitement, waving something about, to the great astonishment of their new friend.

"It's Lydia Tree, I know it is, I know it is!" cried Annie, nearly in tears.

It certainly was. In every particular the outlandish looking doll baby answered grandmother's careful description. There was the knotted wooden head with the yellow paint features; the blue calico dress and sunbonnet, the yellow silk braids, the legless body. Annie's mother was nearly as excited as her little daughter. With a few words of explanation she asked permission to take off the sunbonnet. She had suddenly remembered a part of the story that Annie had forgotten. If this really were the long-lost Lydia Tree, her name would be found cut in the back of her head where John had carved it so many years before; and there it was! The curator was very much amused and interested but of course Lydia Tree had to be returned to her shelf for the time being, as she was a part of the collection.

I do not know just how it was managed, but the curator and Annie's father laid their heads together and managed it; but first one of the Amsterdam papers published a long account of the "Traveled Miss Tree's" life and adventures. Annie could not read it, to be sure, as it was all in Dutch, but the paper is one of her most treasured possessions today. It tells how Miss Tree had been sent to the fair by the grand-daughter of a long dead Dutch sea captain, who had bought the queer doll from one of his sailors, presumably the very man who had robbed grandmother of Miss Tree.

At all events Lydia Tree crossed the Atlantic once more in Annie's own trunk. After landing in New York they went almost immediately to pay grandmother a visit. You can imagine how excited Annie was when, almost tumbling out of the carriage in her eagerness, she asked the old question:

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother?"

"Nothing yet, my dear," said grandmother.

"Well, I have!" shrieked Annie, and waving Lydia Tree before grandmother's amazed eyes, she threw herself into her arms.

It was certainly a complete surprise; and when, after a happy day, Annie came to grandmother for her goodnight kiss, she received one of even more than usual tenderness. "It was the most beautiful present I ever received in my life," she said.

For many years afterward Lydia Tree, after her stormy and adventurous life, passed her time sitting in a low chair beside grandmother's bed.

Grandmother's glance was sometimes a little dimmed when she looked at the old companion of her childhood. So many things had happened while Lydia Tree was on her travels.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICA'S NEW INDUSTRY.

California Erects the Biggest Sugar Beet Factory in the World.

The American farmer has suddenly discovered that he can raise with large profit as good sugar-beets as there are in the world, and the American manufacturer has learned that he can make those beets yield the highest grade of pure sugar. Twelve years ago the total production of beet-sugar in America was 255 tons; six years later the production had jumped to 16,000 tons, and year before last (1899) the production was about 80.000 tons.

For 1900 those who know predict a production exceeding 150,000 tons, nearly doubling the output of two years ago and making the beet-sugar yield of the country nearly equal to the cane-sugar yield. And thus.. out of almost nothing, the United States has built up a sugar industry in half a dozen years, the output of which this year will be about double that of the island of Porto Rico. And the work has barely begun. In 1898, Michigan had one sugar-beet factory; two years later in 1900 she had 10 factories.

In California the largest beet-sugar factory in the world has just been completed, larger than anything in Europe, although Germany has been years at the business. This enormous factory cost $2,750,000, and it will turn out upward of 400 tons of sugar every day, using 3000 tons of beets for the purpose and consuming yearly the product of 30,000 acres of land. Capital is always shy about venturing into new industries, but it has taken beet-sugar making to its heart. Indeed, one who reads of the growth of the industry in Illinois, Nebraska, Colorado, New York, Iowa, Minnesota, New Mexico and other states can hardly resist the contagion of the beet-sugar enthusiasm.

At the rate at which the industry is now growing, it will be only a few years before the United States will supply her own sugar needs, great as they are, thereby keeping at home the large profits of growing beets and manufacturing the sugar, and saving the expense of shipping the sugar hundreds or thousands of miles.—American Monthly Review of Reviews.

Virtue Poorly Rewarded.

A curious example of the reward of excessive virtue is the case of certain British pickle manufacturers who have been making their pint bottles hold a little more than a pint, to be on the safe side of the English law. When these pint bottles arrived at Canada they found that there was a law in operation which provides that any package measuring more than a pint must pay duty as a quart.—London Chronicle.

Tea Growing Experiments in the United States.

Prospects of the Industry.

By Weldon Fawcett.

The century which has recently been ushered into existence will see an addition to the already long list of reasons why there can never be a repetition of that famous "Boston tea party" which helped to bring on the Revolutionary War. This new preventive is found in the fact that long ere the present cycle of a hundred years is rounded out, Uncle Sam will, in all probability, be producing within his domain sufficient tea leaves for all the soothing beverage which his people can possibly drink, and mayhap will have some to spare to his brethren across the sea.

That this will be a highly desirable consummation must be appreciated even by the person who never sipped a cup of tea in his life. For one thing, it will enable the poorer classes to obtain good tea at lower prices, and for another it will keep in the coffers of the American people a fortune, amounting to many million dollars annually, which now goes to feed and clothe men and women on the other side of the globe. Under present conditions every man, woman and child in the United States consumes about twenty cents' worth of tea each twelvemonth, and the immense aggregate sum is divided among the tea growers in China, Japan and Ceylon, several middlemen and agents, and the vessel owners who carry the precious product to market.

The best feature of the new era which is coming, however, is found in the fact that finer tea can be grown in the United States than in the Orient. This has been conclusively proven by some interesting experiments which the United States Department of Agriculture has been conducting during the past few years at

THE TEA PLANT.

the pioneer tea plantation established in the New World.

As soon as the Secretary of Agriculture became convinced that tea culture in the South was not only practicable but might be made profitable as well, he arranged for the institution of an experimental plantation in South Carolina. The site selected has proven a most admirable one. Pinehurst, as it is called, consists of about seven hundred acres of beautiful rolling country thickly strewn with wood-lands. About fifty acres of the splendid estate were transformed into tea gardens, and this apportionment has gradually been extended. The tiny seeds which had been brought from the Far East were left to repose in earthy beds, prepared and sweetened with all the care which could possibly be bestowed upon a couch of soil. Diminutive shades were even provided to screen these babies of the plant world from the glare of the sun, and then the tea planters anxiously awaited results.

At first the little immigrants did not appear to take kindly to the foreign clime, and the investigators became so discouraged that they were well nigh ready to give up the experiment, when, just in the nick of time, fate smiled, with the result that these American tea gardens now contain thousands of bushes, each composed of many separate stems. Better still, the practical side of the enterprise has commenced to make a favorable showing. The yield of the plantation is increased by one-eighth each year and the tea produced is so vastly superior to the black tea which comes over the ocean that it sells for a dollar a pound, or three or four times as much as the importations from China or Japan, and thus nets the Government a very handsome profit on its investment.

But because the tea which has thus far been produced in Dixie has sold for three or four times the price of

PICKING TEA.

the crisp leaves which have been carried half way round the world, it must not be supposed that the argument regarding the ultimate cheapness of American tea is without foundation. The Government officials have demonstrated that under ordinary circumstances four hundred pounds of tea can be counted upon as the yield of each acre in a plantation. The tea can be grown and put on the market at fifteen cents per pound. Thus if the shop keepers sell this superior grade of tea at the same prices that are now charged for the inferior imported teas, they will almost double their money, and presumably some of them will be satisfied with less profit than this when competition becomes fierce.

The United States Government is now planning to distribute tea plants free to all Southern colleges that will agree to assist the Department of Agriculture in establishing tea gardens on their land. Special scientific agents are being sent out to give advice, and after a thorough investigation has been made of the possibilities of the Gulf States for tea culture, experiments will be conducted in Tennessee, North Carolina, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma Territory, Missouri and other border States. Climatic conditions, rainfall and soil must, however, all be favorable to conduce to successful tea culture, and the American tea growers have already discovered that it is useless to try to propagate the plants where the winter temperature is lower than fifteen degrees above zero. An average of an inch of rainfall every week in the year is also essential, although it is hoped to overcome this necessity by means of irrigation.

One of the most tedious tasks which

SORTING TEA.

has confronted the pioneer tea growers has been that of determining what species of tea plants give the best results when transplanted to this continent. In order to demonstrate this a number of miniature tea gardens have been provided, and in each some particular variety is carefully nursed under special treatment. Thus the visitor to this romantic nook in South Carolina may see, growing side by side, Japanese, Chinese, Ceylonese and American tea. The difference in the quantity of tea yielded by a single bush presents as wide a range in the case of the different varieties as is the case in the Orient, where the product varies from one ounce from each bush in Japan, to eight or ten ounces from the average bush in India and Ceylon.

One of the problems which has puzzled the American tea planters not a little is that of securing helpers at wages low enough to enable competition with the ridiculously cheap labor of the Mongolians. Machinery now does much of the work of preparing the tea for market, but the leaves must be picked by hand, and with all the economy that can be exercised it costs just about eight times as much to secure the harvesting of a pound of tea in South Carolina as it does in Asia. Even as it is the cost would be greater had not the projectors of this initial tea plantation happily hit upon the plan of employing colored school children as pickers.

A school house is maintained on the plantation, and in the intervals between learning to read and write the youngsters are taught how to pick tea. None of these juvenile toilers can approach in rapidity the records of the expert pickers of Asia, but it is claimed that they are far more careful in the selection of the leaves than their rivals on the opposite side of the world. About three days are required for the force of pickers to make the rounds of the gardens, and this must be done every ten days, or about a score of times during the season.

An expert can gather anywhere from ten to twenty pounds of fresh leaf a day. Some of the little pickers earn fifty or sixty cents a day, but the majority do not receive more than twenty or thirty cents.

The method of procedure after the tea leaves have been picked is not a very intricate one. The crisp leaves are gathered, as plucked, into Swiss trout baskets, where they are permitted to lie as loosely as possible lest they become heated. Each basketful, as it is brought into the factory is carefully examined, and after being weighed is spread to dry in a cool, clean place. Tea manufacture proper consists of two processes. In the one the tiny oil cells in the leaf are broken and the contents extracted by hot water, while by the other the leaves are once more dried thoroughly.

The product of such a method of handling is the green tea of commerce. If it is desired to produce black tea, two additional stages of evolution must be introduced—the withering, or preparation of the leaf for rolling, and oxidation, which involves certain chemical changes. To such an extent has mechanical genius entered the field of tea production, that the black tea secured at Pinehurst may now fairly be said to be largely machine made. The sifting, rolling, oxidation and firing are all done by mechanical process. A phase of the handling of the tea in which the American growers have exercised exceptional care is found in the curing of the leaf. No direct sunlight is allowed to strike the leaves, either when they are being withered or during the process of final drying.

The possibilities of tea culture in this country would seem to be almost infinite. Not only may the standard grades be raised in quantities, but it is believed to be possible to produce some of those marvelous teas known only to dwellers in the Orient, for the reason that no means has ever been devised to successfully transport them to this country.

It costs upwards of fifty dollars an acre to set out and raise the tea plants, and thousands of dollars must be expended for a factory in addition to the constant outlay for labor. A tea garden, when once established, however, represents an institution that will stand for centuries.—The Book World.

A Horse on the Peddlers.

"Sic-em, Bill!"

The pedestrians on Cadillac Square who heard this command naturally expected to see a dog respond. Great was their surprise, therefore, when they beheld a horse prancing along the curb. He was nosing at a banana vender, who was excitedly trying to get his cart of fruit out of harm's way. The vender kept moving, too, and the horse returned to his post in front of his owner's fruit and peanut emporium to wait for further interlopers. The merchant has two of these horses, both of which exhibit wonderful intelligence in protecting their owner's interests from the encroachment of nomadic rivals. It is against the ordinance for street peddlers to stand on the public thoroughfare longer than is necessary to make a sale, so the horses are really relieving the policemen on that beat of an unpleasant duty. It is an advantageous corner, and many peddlers try to do business there. The horses, which are kept for delivery purposes, are stationed at the curb on busy nights, and when a peddler approaches the merchant slips the weight and "sics" 'em on. Then he gives the irate peddler the equine ha, ha.—Detroit Free Press.

Ground Plan Completed.

Naggus (literary editor)—"How is your new society novel getting on, Borus?"

Borus (struggling author)—"Splendidly. I've got the French phrases I am going to use in the story all selected. There's nothing to do now but to fill in the English and divide it into chapters."—Chicago Tribune.